GIRL LOVES ... Above all other earthly possessions-A DIAMOND RING.

Now is a good time for you to give her one. Our Christmas stock is large and our prices the lowest. Write us at ence.



His Receipt.

A southern banker recently told the sollowing about his 8-year-old son; The boy had been invited to spend a week with some little friends in the "Stay and keep me company, Jack," said his mother. "Father goes traveling this week, and I shall be all alone. Here is a \$5 bill for you instead of the visit."

Jack promptly closed with the offer, and the banker as promptly borrowed the \$5 at current interest, thereby keeping, as he observed when telling the story, both the boy and the money in the family. Some two months later Jack wanted to recall the loan

"What \$5 do you mean?" asked the banker.

"Why, the \$5 I gave you." "I haven't any \$5."

"But I gave it to you. Mother, didn't I give him \$5? You saw me." "I certainly did," she replied.

"Where's your receipt, then?" de manded his father. "Do you mean to say you've been lending money without getting black and white to show for it?"

"Mammie," said the boy, appealing to his nurse, "didn't I give papa \$5?" "You poh' little lamb!" indignantly exclaimed the old woman. "Co'se you done gib it to him, honey."

"There, papa," said the budding in the same in the budding in the same in the black and white of it."—From the

Father Was "Wise" to Game.

A student at the University of Penncylvania had been going a fast pace with the boys of his class and traternity and had had frequent interviews with father concerning debts and other financial troubles occasionally by the drain his pleasures had made on his source of supply.

Several times the "governor" had been compelled to get various articles of value back from the boy's "uncle," and the relation of provider and spender was strained.

One day the student wired father that his watch had fallen into deep water in the Schuykill river and he wanted "at once" \$25 to hire a diver to recover it. The answer came as follows:

'Nothing on the \$25. Cheaper to soak the watch where it is."

Every Woman Knows.

That Salome isn't so bad as she thought it was going to be. That her present gowns are wholly

inadequate to the occasion. That it is a great mistake not to buy a new motor car every year.

That her own family physician is the only man who knows anything about medicine.

That her own particular husband is not so large hearted and generous as the husband of some other woman.

The Woman's Fault.

"You told me," she sadly said, "When you persuaded me to elope with you that you would never per | with her down Capitol avenue toward mit anything to come between us- the hotel. He was prepared to enjoy that you would cherish my love all her congratulations, but she was silent your days, and that i should never for a while, and before they spoke have cause to regret for a moment again "Doc" Ames, striding rapidly, that I had placed my happiness in your keeping."

"Oh, well, confound it," he replied, "what's the use of harping on that. If you hadn't kept a lot of your faults hidden from me I'd never have fallen in love with you or wanted you to elope, so you have only yourself to blame."

What's in a Name.

"Maria, who is the young squirt that comes here about six nights in the week to see Bessie?"

"You'd better speak a little more respectfully, John, of the young man who is likely to be your son-in-law." "All right, Maria; what's the advengurer's name?"-Chicago Tribune.

"When I was a child," said the man who wanted to do all the talking and claim all the attention, "I was so delicate that my parents were afraid they would not be able to raise me." Why," asked the little man who

had previously been unable to get a -chance to say anything, "were they afraid?"

What Is Life Worth?

"He forgets that he owes me his

"That's nothing; he even forgets that he owes me \$5!"-Puck.

He Won't Believe It.

It is useless to try to convince the man who has succeeded that luck ontored into his case.

The Fashionable Way.

"Do you know, Mary, that we are spending every cent I earn?" "Well, I don't see why you should

complain. All the other people in our set are spending a good deal more than they earn. What's the the use being so penurious?"

How?

"Have you ever walked in your

sleep?" "Sure. How could a man get married if he didn't while in a trance, walk up to the altar?"



=HER=

By Brand Whitlock llustrations by Ray Walters

(Copyright, 1907, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.) SYNOPSIS.

Senator Morley Vernon's visit with his fiances was interrupted by a call from his political boss at the state capital. Both regretted it, the girl more than he, because she had arranged to attend a dinner that evening with him. She said she yearned for a national office for him. On Vernon's desk in the senate he found a red rose, accompanied by a plea for suffrage for women. He met the authoress, pretty Miss Maria Greene of Chicago, who proposed to convert him into voting for house resolution No. 19. Miss Greene secured Vernon's promise to vote for the suffrage resolution. He also aided her by convincing others. He took a liking to the fair suffragette. Miss Greene consulted with the lieutenant-governor. Vernon admitted to himself that the suffragete had stirred a strange feeling within him. He forgot to read his fiancee's letter. Vernon made a great speech in favor of suffrage, aided by glances from Miss Greene.

CHAPTER V .- Continued.

When he had done, there was a moment's stillness; then came the long sweep of applause that rang through the chamber, and while the lieutenant governor rapped for order, men crowded around Vernon and wrung his hand, as he wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. And then the roll was called. It had not proceeded far when there was that subtile change in the atmosphere which is so easily recognized by those who have acquired the sense of political aeroscepsy; the change that betokens some new, unexpected and dangerous maneuver. Braidwood had come over from the house. His face, framed in its dark beard, was stern and serious. He whispered an instant to Porter, the senate leader. Porter rose.

"Mr. President." he said.

The lieutenant governor was looking at him expectantly.

"The gentleman from Cook," the Heutenant governor said.

"Mr. President," said Senator Porter, "I move you, sir, that the further discussion of the resolution be postponed until Wednesday morning, one week from to-morrow, and that it be made a special order immediately following the reading of the journal."

"If there are no objections it will be so ordered," said the lieutenant governor. Bull Burns shouted a prompt and

hoarse "Object!" But the lieutenant governor calmly said:

"And it is so ordered." The gavel fell.

CHAPTER VI.

After the adjournment Vernon sought out Maria Greene and walked had caught up with them. He was still scowling.

"I was sorry you didn't finish your speech as you intended, sir," he said. with something of the acerbity of a reproach.

"Why," began Vernon, looking at him, "I-"

"You laid out very broad and comprehensive ground for yourself," the old man continued, "but unfortunately you did not cover it. You should have developed your subject logically, as I had hopes, indeed, in the beginning, you were going to do. An argument based on principle would have been more to the point than an appeal to the passions. I think Miss Greene will agree with me. I am sorry you did not acquaint me with your intention of addressing the senate on this important measure: I would very much have liked to confer with you about what you were going to say. It is not contemplated by those in the reform movement that the charms of woman shall be advanced as the reason for her right to equal suffrage with man. It is purely a matter of cold, abstract justice. Now, for instance," the doctor laid his finger in his palm, and began to speak didactically, "as I have pointed out to the house, whatever the power or the principle that gives to man his right to make the law that governs him, to woman it gives the same right. In 37 states the married mother has no right to her children; in 16 the wife has no right to her own earnings; in eight she has no separate right to her property; in seven-

Vernon looked at Miss Greene help lessly, but she was nodding her head in acquiescence to each point the doctor laid down in his harsh palm with that long forefinger. Vernon had no chance to speak until they reached the She was to take the midday train back to Chicago, and Vernon had insisted on going to the station with her. Just as she was about to leave him to go up to her room she said, as Relative to this incident, P. T. Barnum on a sudden impulse:

"Do you know that the women of America, yes, the people of America, owe you a debt?"

Vernon assumed a most modest at- | ries, that never can become

"If we are successful," she went on the advocates of equal suffrage all over the United States will be greatly or its newly plowed clods glistening encouraged; the reform movement and steaming in the sun, rolled away everywhere will receive a genuine impetus."

"You will be down next Wednesday when the resolution comes up again, of a coal shaft; behind, above the won't you?" asked Vernon.

"Indeed, I shall," she said. "Do you

have any hopes now?"
"Hopes?" laughed Vernon. "Why certainly; we'll adopt it. I'll give my whole time to it between now and tion I'll block every other piece of sprang info the air and fied, crying out legislation this session, appropriations its strange staccato song as it and all. I guess that will bring them

"You're very good," she said. "But I fear Mr. Porter's influence." "Oh, I'll take care of him.

trust it to me. The women will be voting in this state next year." "And you shall be their candidate for governor!" she cried, clasping her

hands. Vernon colored; he felt a warm thrill course through him, but he waved the nomination aside with his hand. He was about to say something more, but he could not think of anything quickly enough. While he hesitated, Miss Greene looked at her

watch. "I've missed my train," she said, quietly.

Vernon grew red with confusion. 'It was all my fault and it was certainly very stupid of me."

'It's of no importance. Where mus go to reserve space on the night train?" said Miss Greene.

Vernon told her, and proffered his services. He was now delighted at the Maria thought a moment, then she philosophical way in which she accepted the situation-it would have brought the average woman, he reflected, to tears-and then he went on to picture to himself the practical results in improving women's characters that his new measure, as he had already come to regard it, would bring about.

CHAPTER VII.

Maria Greene would not let Vernon attend to her tickets; she said it was a matter of principle with her; but late in the afternoon, when they had had luncheon, and she had got the tickets herself, she did accept his invitation to drive. The afternoon had justified all the morning's promise of a fine spring day, and as they left the edges of the town and turned into the road that stretched away over the low



'Did You Ever Live in the Country?'

undulations of ground they call hills in Illinois, and lost itself mysteriously in the country far beyond, Miss Greene became enthusiastic.

"Isn't it glorious!" she cried. "And to think that when I left Chicago last night it was still winter!" She shuddered, as if she would shake off the memory of the city's ugliness. Her face was flushed and she inhaled the sweet air eagerly. "To be in the country once more!

she went on "Did you ever live in the country?

Vernon asked. "Once," she said, and then after a

grave pause, she added: "A long time

The road they had turned into was as soft and as smooth as velvet now that the spring had released it from the thrall of winter's mud. It led beside a golf links, and the new greens were already dotted with golfers, who played with the zest they had accumulated in the forbidding winter menths They showed their enthusiasm by playing bare-armed, as if already it were the height of summer.

As the buggy rolled noiselessly along, Vernon and Miss Greene were silent; the spell of the spring was on them. To their right rolled the praid of my clothes than you-

fields, however much they be tilled or MOTHER GIVES UP LIFE. fenced. The brown earth, with its tinge of young green here and there, like the sea. Far off, standing out black and forbidding against the horizon, they could see the ugly buildings trees that grew for the city's shade the convent lifted its tower, and, above all, the gray dome of the State House reared itself dominating the whole scene. The air shimmered in the haze of spring. Birds were chirping in the then. If they don't adopt that resolu- hedges; now and then a meadow-lark skimmed the surface of the prairies. Vernon idly snapped the whip as he drove along; neither of them seemed to care to speak. Suddenly heard a distant, heavy thud. The earth trembled slightly.

"What's that?" said Miss Greene, in some alarm. "It couldn't have been

"No," said Vernon, "It was the min-

ers, blasting." Where?" "Down in the ground underneath

She gave him a strange look which he did not comprehend. turned and glanced quickly at the black breakers of the coal shaft, half a mile away; then at the golf-players.

"Do the mines run under this ground?" she asked, sweeping her "I beg a thousand pardons!" he said. hand about and including the links in her gesture.

"Yes, all over here, or rather under here," Vernon said. He was proud of his knowledge of the locality. He thought it argued well that a legislator should be informed on all questions. said:

"The golfers above, the miners be-

Vernon looked at her in surprise. The pleasure of the spring had gone out of her eyes.

"Drive on, please," she said. "There's no danger," said Vernon, reassuringly, clucking at his horse, and the beast flung up its head in a spasmodic burst of speed, as liverystable horses will. The horse did not have to trot very far to bear them away from the crack of the golf balls and the dull subterranean echoes of the miners' blasts, but Vernon felt that a cloud had floated all at once over this first spring day. The woman sitting there beside him seemed to withdraw herself to an infinite distance.

"You love the country?" he asked, feeling the need of speech.

"Yes," she said, but she went no farther. "And you once lived there?"

"Yes," she said again, but she vouchsafed no more. Vernon found a deep curiosity springing within him; he longed to know more about this young woman who in all outward ways eemed to be just like the women he knew, and yet was so essentially different from them. But though he tried, and fell. Mrs. Marlow went to the he could not move her to speak of her own life or its affairs. At the last he said boldly:

"Tell me, how did you come to be a lawyer? Miss Greene turned to meet his in-

quisitive gaze. "How did you?" she asked.

Vernon cracked his whip at the "Well-" he stammered. "I don't know. I had to do something."

"So did I," she replied. Vernon cut the lazy horse with the trotting.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Surnames in Bosnia.

Bosnia is a land where a man's surname very often varies according to his religion. In the old days families often divided their members between Christianity and Islam, so as to be certain to have friends on the winning side, much as old Scottish families in some cases deliberately divided themselves between Jacobite and Hanoverian. In such Bosnian cases, Sir Charles Eliot explains, all representatives of the original family recognize each other as relatives, but generally they use different names for the two branches, conveying the same meaning in Slavonic and Turk ish respectively. For example there are the names Raikovich and Jenetich ("Rai" and "Jennet" both meaning paradise), and Sokolich and Shahin agich ("Sokol" and "Shahin" meaning falcon).

His Kick.

"I do wish," said Mrs. Stiles, "that you'd try to keep yourself neater." "But, my dear," protested her hus

band, "you're not so careful-" "That's just it. You should be more

careful of me." "I'm not? I'm certainly more careful

Liked the Fighting Apostle

Name of St. Peter Appealed to Heart | said he had heard of Mr. Howe's lib of Soldier.

It is well known that Elias Howe. the inventor of the sewing machine, pot only enlisted as a common soldier in the ranks of the Seventeenth Connecticut regiment, carried a musket. and did full military duty during the war, but at a certain juncture, when national finances were at a low ebb. he paid soldiers out of his own pocket. used to tell this story:

"While Mr. Howe was counting out was a clergyman, entered the tent and | now."

erality and had called to ask him to contribute toward building a church for his congregation.

"'Church, church,' said Mr. Howe without looking up from his bills he was counting; 'building churches in war times, when so much is needed to save our country! What church is

"'St. Peter's church,' replied the clergyman.

"'Oh, St. Peter's,' said Mr. Howe well, St. Peter was the only fighting apostle-he cut a man's ear off. I'll go \$500 on St. Peter, but I am spendthe money referred to, a stranger, who ing most of my money on saltpeter

BUT CHILDREN PERISH

Brave Woman and Little Son Fight Flames in Vain-Five Cremated

Alive.

Pittsburg, Pa.-While vainly battling to save the lives of her children who were sleeping in upstairs rooms, Mrs. Frances A. Marlow, aged 37, and four children were burned to death in a fire which completely destroyed their home near Sandy Creek, Penn township. The children who lost their lives are: Clyde Marlow, aged 12; Isa Marlow, aged five; William Marlow, Jr., aged three, and Glenn Marlow, aged six months. Lisle Marlow, aged 11, the anly other member of the family at home at the time of the fire, had a narrow escape from death.

The husband and father, William Marlow, is in Butler county on



Was Overcome by Smoke and Fell.

hunting trip, and has not learned of the tragedy. The two oldest boys, Frank and Clifford, went to work early in the morning, and shortly after they had left the house a lamp exploded in the kitchen, where Mrs. Marlow and Clyde were eating breakfast. Seeing she could not extinguish the flames, Mrs. Marlow told Clyde to go to the room where Lisle and and William were sleeping and get them out of the house.

The boy succeeded in arousing Lisle, who made his escape. Clyde then took little William in his arms and was trying to get down the stairs when he was overcome by the smoke room occupied by Isa and the baby, Glenn, but she was also overcome by the smoke and was unable to rescue the children. The charred bodies of the mother and four children were found in the cellar after the house

was burned to the ground. Lisle, scarcely clad and dazed by fright, ran to the house of a neighbor, William Stoner, who gave the alarm. William Marlow, Sr., grandfather of the children, who lives about a mile away, on the Frankstown road, was also notified, and hurried to the home whip, and the horse jerked the buggy of his son. When neighbors arrived as it made its professional feint at the flames had gained such headway that nothing could be done to save the house or its contents.

BURGLAR LIKES THE BULLDOG

Robs Woman's Home, Left Guarded by Animal, and Writes Note to His Victim.

Rockford, Ill.-"Your bulldog is a sociable fellow; treat him nice; he and I struck up quite a friendship and I hated to leave him. "BURGLAR."

That note written on perfumed stationery taken from her writing deak, the desk from which the burglar had stolen her gold watch, was found by Mrs. William Johnson of 1224 South West street, on her return home from a shopping expedition. The dog had been left to guard the house and was sleeping on a rug.

Investigation revealed the loss of \$200 worth of jewelry and silverware. The thief entered through a rear window, fed the dog and ransacked the house.

Photo of Fine Olive Tree. Among the photographs in the collection made by an American tourist who recently returned from the ori ent is one showing a mammoth olive tree in the garden of Gethsemane The trunk is divided near the ground giving it the appearance of two trees. In order to protect it from the assaults of vandals a stone wall about three feet high has been built around it, and the spot has become a favorite one for photographic groups. The tree is looked upon with awe by natives, who assure the tourists that it is at least a thousand years old. The picture in question shows four bi-

cycles in the foreground, New Tax Proposed.

Governments of the federated states of Germany are considering the introduction of a land tax of the "unearned increment." The measure is expected to raise \$5,000,000 annually. It is held that such a tax would rest heavily on speculators and land-owners in cities, but lightly on country districts, where values increase very slowly if at all.

The Exceptional Equipment

of the California Fig Syrup Co. and the scientific attainments of its chemists have rendered possible the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, in all of its excellence, by obtaining the pure medicinal principles of plants known to act most beneficially and combining them most skillfully, in the right proportions, with its wholesome and refreshing Syrup of California Figs.

As there is only one genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna and as the genuine is manufactured by an original method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, it is always necessary to buy the genuine to get its beneficial effects.

A knowledge of the above facts enables one to decline imitations or to return them if, upon viewing the package, the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. is not found printed on the front thereof.

BUT SHE HAD ENOUGH.



buy a baby; they're cheap to-day. TORE HIS SKIN OFF

Shreds-Itching Was Intense-Sleep Was Often Impossible.

Cured by Cuticura in Three Weeks,

"At first an eruption of small pustules commenced on my hands. These spread later to other parts of my body, and the itching at times was intense, so much so that I literally tore the skin off in shreds in seeking relief. The awful itching interfered with my work considerably, and also kept me awake nights. I tried several doctors and used a number of different ointments and lotions but received practically no benefit. Finally I settled down to the use of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, with the result that in a few days all itching had ceased and in about three weeks' time all traces of my eruption had disappeared. I have had no trouble of this kind since. H. A. Krutskoff, 5714 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., November 18 and 28, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston

Hypnotism Long Recognized. Hypnotism has been recognized by the medical profession since the fifteenth century and in the last 100 years has been experimented and tested out in thousands of cases by such savants as Charcot in Paris and Bernheim in Nancy, yet with all these years of trial its results have not justified its practical and general use in sickness.-New York Press.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot read the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best thouca known, combined with the best blood purifiers, setting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two loared-lents is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh, lead for testimonals, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druncists, pine 15c.

Sold by Druppists, price 15c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

He Knew the Reason. "I can say one thing in favor of Mr. Featherly," remarked Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady; "he never takes the last piece of bread on the plate." deed, Mrs. Hendricks," assented Dumley, cordially, "Featherly ain't quick enough."-Bazar.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chart Hitchen. In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Lest One Should Fall. It is well to moor your bark with two anchors.-Publius Syrus.

The next time you have a cold on the lungs try rubbing Wizard Oil on your chest and see how quickly it will draw out the inflammation and break up the cold. The less a man knows about wom-

en the more he thinks he knows. WHEN YOU'RE AS HOARSE as a crow. When

hioned deep-scated cold, take Allen's Lung Bal a. Sold by all druggists, Zc, 56c and \$1.00 bottles A wise man suppresses fully twothirds of his opinions.

